Club Sandwich

AUTUMN 1993 No 67

in this edition...

TOURING - IN PICTURES

TOURING - IN WORDS

MINING THE ARCHIVE

EAT YOUR HEARTS OUT!

...and much more

ARE YOU HAVING A GOOD TIME?

SUE'S LETTER

As I write this, Paul, Linda and the band are setting off on tour yet again, this time to criss-cross Europe. It's the first chance our European readers have had to see the New World Tour and expectations are as high and as promising as the ticket sales.

To keep the ingredients of your *Sandwich* as fresh and as topical as possible we've managed to hold the presses long enough for a special report from the opening show in Berlin, MY BRAVE FATE; more coverage and exclusive photos of the later shows must wait for next time.

Other *Sandwich* fillings in this issue include a very interesting report about an essential part of the McCartneys' entourage: the catering corps. It has long been acknowledged that the people who work behind the scenes on Paul's tours are fed extremely well, and this is thanks to the tireless and imaginative efforts of the team at a London company making a name for itself the world over. You can read how they do it in EAT YOUR HEARTS OUT!

Elsewhere, in MINING THE FILM AND VIDEO ARCHIVE, more new promos come under the spotlight, along with one from the past - 'Silly Love Songs' - shot during Wings' world tour of 1975/76, just before the very first issue of *Club Sandwich* was produced.

The year of 1976 was certainly a productive one, for it also marked the birth of BUDDY HOLLY WEEK. I don't think any of us realised then that it would become such a fixture on the calendar, but this it certainly has - 17 years on we have a report on the 1993 celebrations, which took the form of a rock and roll knowledge contest.

Along with all our other usual features and, in particular, a wonderful selection of exclusive photos taken these past few months (particularly on the New World Tour), we've assembled what we hope you'll agree is another enjoyable issue.

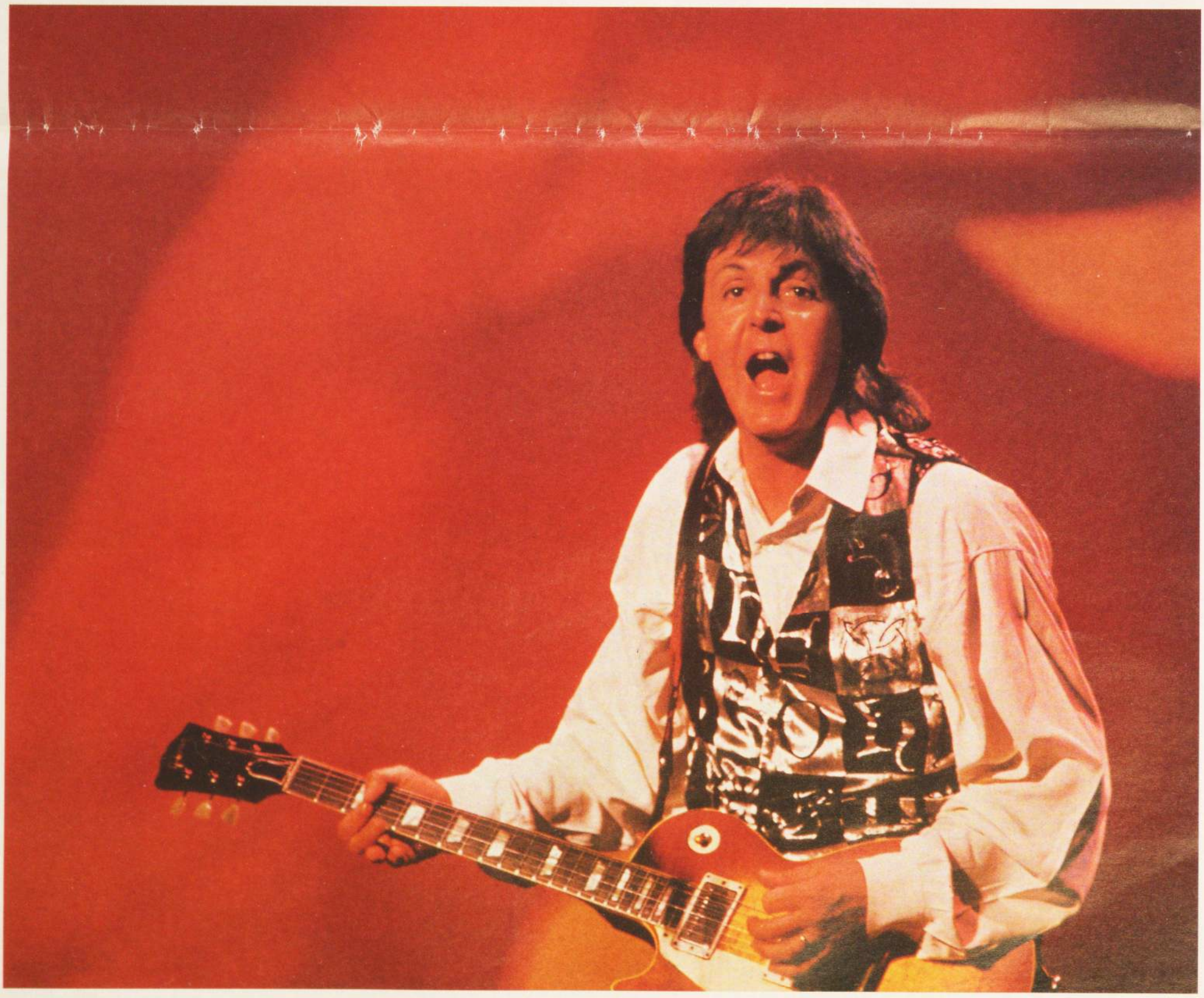
By the time the next *Club Sandwich* is published Paul will have released another new album - his second this year! This one is a collection of live tracks from the New World Tour, and will go out under the punningly-clever title PAUL IS LIVE. The cover artwork is going to be very special indeed (we can tell you no more at present) and is bound to be the subject of much discussion, so be sure to look out for it around the beginning of November. We'll give the album the full lowdown in our next issue.

Before I bid farewell, congratulations are due to Fun Club members Jan Drewnak of Karby, Germany; Jiyeon Kim of Seoul, Korea; and Rae Tranchida of Leonard, Michigan, USA, each of whom won a copy of the special sampler CD *The Paul McCartney Collection* in last issue's free draw. We hope not only that they enjoy them but that they keep them safe as this limited edition compilation has already accumulated considerable collectors' value.

We'll be back before Christmas (it seems to come around quicker and quicker) with another seasonal *Sandwich* to round off this most exciting year. Have an enjoyable autumn/fall.

'til next time

Sue



PHOTOGRAPH: KEVIN MAZUR

MY BRAVE FATE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE HUGHES, CINDY LIGHT, KEVIN MAZUR & MARKO SHARK

Plucked from his home in leafy Wiltshire and deposited in some of the world's most interesting hotel rooms, Geoff Baker has a quiet observation or two to share about life on the road

Bleep bleep. Bleeeeeeeep. Bleep. What the Sam Hell is that? Bleep. Bleeeeeeep. Hello. What? *What* wake up call? I didn't book a wake up call. What time is...*it's six o'bloody clock, you madman*, I've only been asleep for three hours.

Great. Now I'm awake; you try get back to sleep and your brain's giving it that *what are you doing, it's morning, it's morning*. What the hell am I going to do now? Read something. It's all in German. Apart from the guide to the hotel and you've already done that and noted that 'gentlemen are requested to wear a jacket and tie in the hotel bar'. Women can wear a wet suit and snorkel if they like, but guys have to wear a tie. Great.

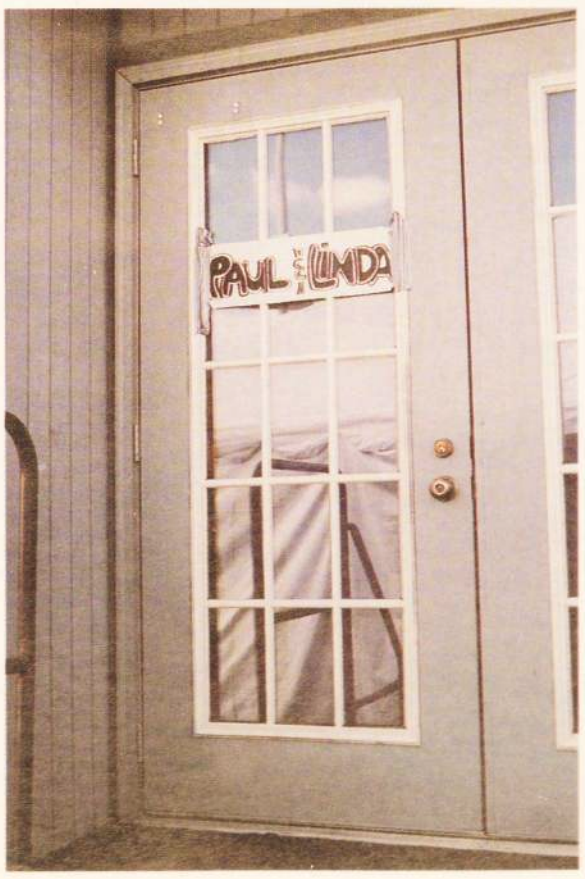
Oh God. Brain's saying *you're hungry, you're hungry*. Check out the mini bar first, look for some snack. Bar of chocolate. That'll do me. *Look at the price*, says Brain. What? *Look at the price*. It's just a bar of chocolate. *Look at the price*. OK, let's see....ah, schokoladen - 35 schillings. That's ah....that's £2. For a bloody bar of chocolate!

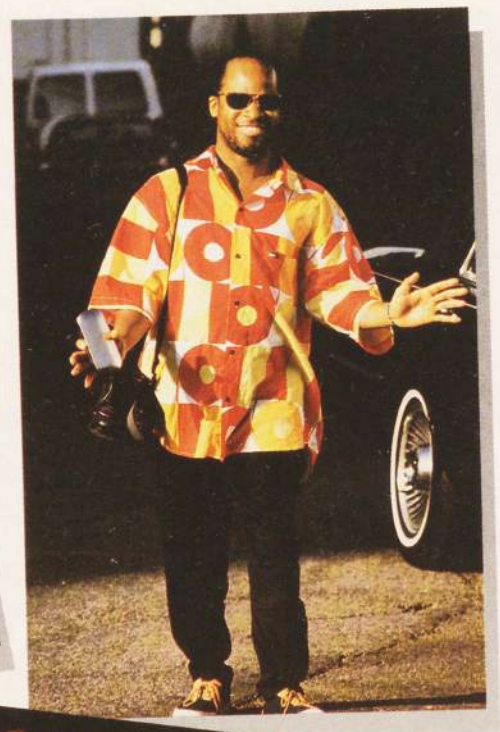
A can of Coke, by the way, is £2.75. If, of an evening, your tipple is Scotch and Coke, that'll knock you back £10.22.

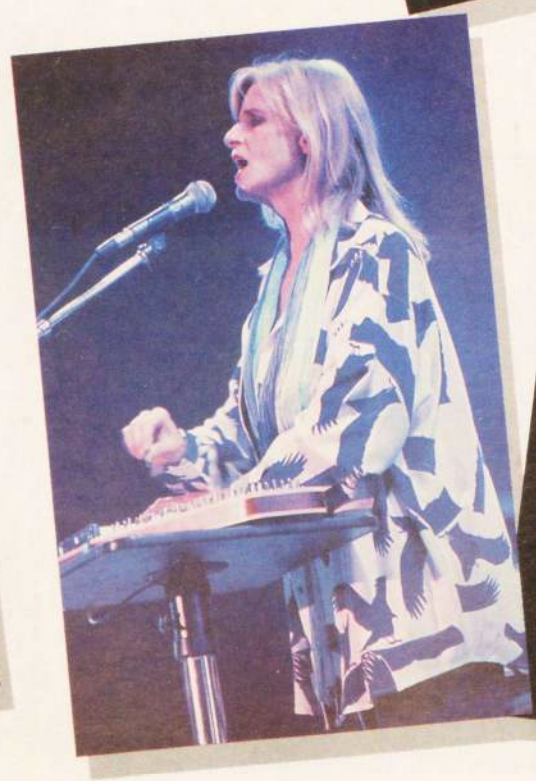
You need to know all this. You do. I'm telling you this because you need to know. You need to know about life on the road. We're in Germany right now and by the time you read this we'll have whizzed through Europe and maybe Japan too. We'll be getting on for South America. And you need to know this.

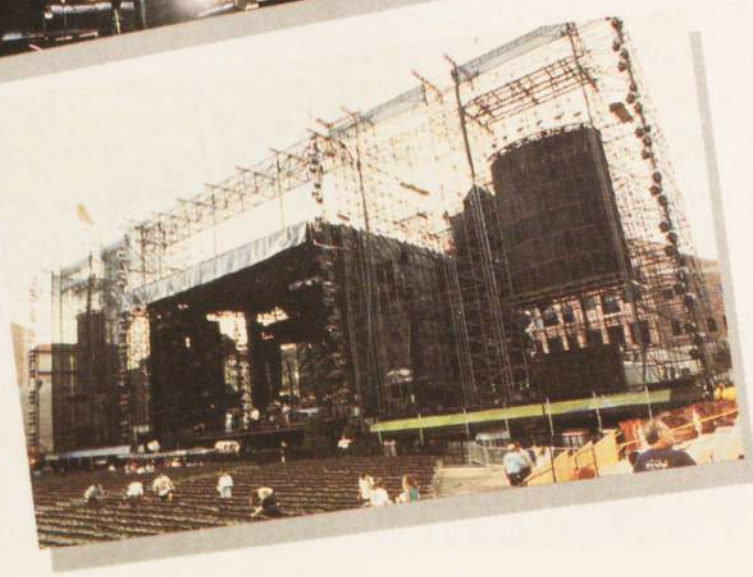
I want you to know it's not *easy*. It's great, but it's not easy. You worry on the road. You worry about things. Like, how can you order room service when you've only got a 20 Mark note (about £10) on you. You can't do it. You know that if you do and your cheese and tomato sandwich arrives then the waiter's going to start hanging out in your room until he gets his tip. And you've only got this 20DM note. Ten quid tip, for walking up five flights with a sandwich? No. But he's hanging out. He's smiling at you in a 'my wife and five children are very poor and hungry' sort of way. The only way to handle this is to pretend you're on the phone. Wait until there's the knock on the door and then grab the phone off the hook and shout "COME IN". He'll reply 'Room Service' from the other side of the door and then you dash to the door, fling it open and very obviously rush back to the phone and start talking to your imaginary caller, gesticulating for the waiter to put the sandwich tray on the bed.

That gets them. For a minute. But then he's still









standing there. The tray's on the bed but he's not leaving 'cos he's holding the bill you have to sign (and tip him). He's giving it that 'Is OK, I wait' bit. You're dead; you can't put down the phone 'cos if you do you can sign (and tip). You're dead in the water; there's no way he's not going to get that note.

You worry about waking up. You do. Here in Europe we're flying out early the next day after a show. Tuesday: Austria. Wednesday: Germany. The call for your bags is coming at 7.00am. Gotta get up, pack, shave, wash, brush teeth. By 7.00am. And you can never find the deodorant. It is an unrealised law of physics that deodorant moves. It does. Deodorant is mobile. You always put it in your hotel bathroom. On the shelf next to the razors. And it moves. When you need it most, sweating as you are as you scramble to pack four cases before 7.00am, it knows it and it hides. Don't ask me how, but it does.

So why do you do it?, I hear you ask. Why haul yourself 7600 miles around Europe in 57 days, learning to live with less and less sleep?

I'll tell you why. It's the buzz of watching Him crack it. It's the magic of seeing Paul letting the crowds realise that glee is good. Glee is allowed. You may think that is obvious but it's not. There are certain countries around Europe where enjoying yourself at rock and roll shows is *verboten*. It's true. Bands come from all over the world to play in these halles and the audiences sit down. They sit down because it's the rule. No Standing. Verboten. Standing Raus.

I hate rules. Can't stand the horrible little things. Unfortunately, certain countries live by them, and to please the men who make them the audience sits down. However, unfortunately for the rule-makers, four years and 200,000 miles of travelling ago, a former Liverpool schoolboy told me 'The thing about rock and roll is that it breaks all the rules'.

So we're in Vienna. It's very clean, Vienna; people don't drop litter in the street. It's the rule. And they're very nice, the Viennese; very polite. You say 'no' to their requests and mostly they listen. It's a rule.

Paul hadn't played here since 1976 and the city was humming with excitement over the two sold-out Stadthalle shows. The coming of the tour is front-page news in the local *Zeitung*. The TV news is babbling continually about der Grosse star and it's Paul McCartney Day on the radio.

At 8.12 pm, Paul walks on stage. Huge cheering all round, smiles everywhere. He waves, they cheer.

He straps on the bass, they cheer. He goes 'one, two, three' and the band launches into 'Drive My Car', they cheer. And then they sat down.

My heart sank. To my utter horror, row upon row of Beatles fans, Paul fans, rock fans, are sitting down. Maybe they don't recognise the song? What are you talking about, you madman? Well, maybe they don't drive cars here or something, maybe this offends them.

'Coming Up' comes next. But they're not coming up. They are staying sat and I'm coming down. 'Looking For Changes', 'Jet' both pass. Still they're sat. 'All My Loving' is next; that'll get them. You have to dance to 'All My Loving', you can't not. In Berlin - where we'd started the tour two days before - they went potty over 'All My Loving'; 23,000 people danced to it. Not in Vienna, though. Plenty of clapping and smiling but no get up and let go.

Blast. Paul's sussed it and is getting sarcastic, saying things like 'Welcome to the office outing' and 'I want you to let your hair down - IF you have any' from up on stage. 'Good Rockin" comes. Not tonight, danke.

What in Christ's name is going on! Stamping of feet for 'Hope Of Deliverance' - a monster hit here - but no getting on them. So I grab this local journalist and ask him. What's the matter with these people?

'Oh no', he says, 'zis is always the zame. Zis is how they HAVE to behave'. What the hell do you mean by that?

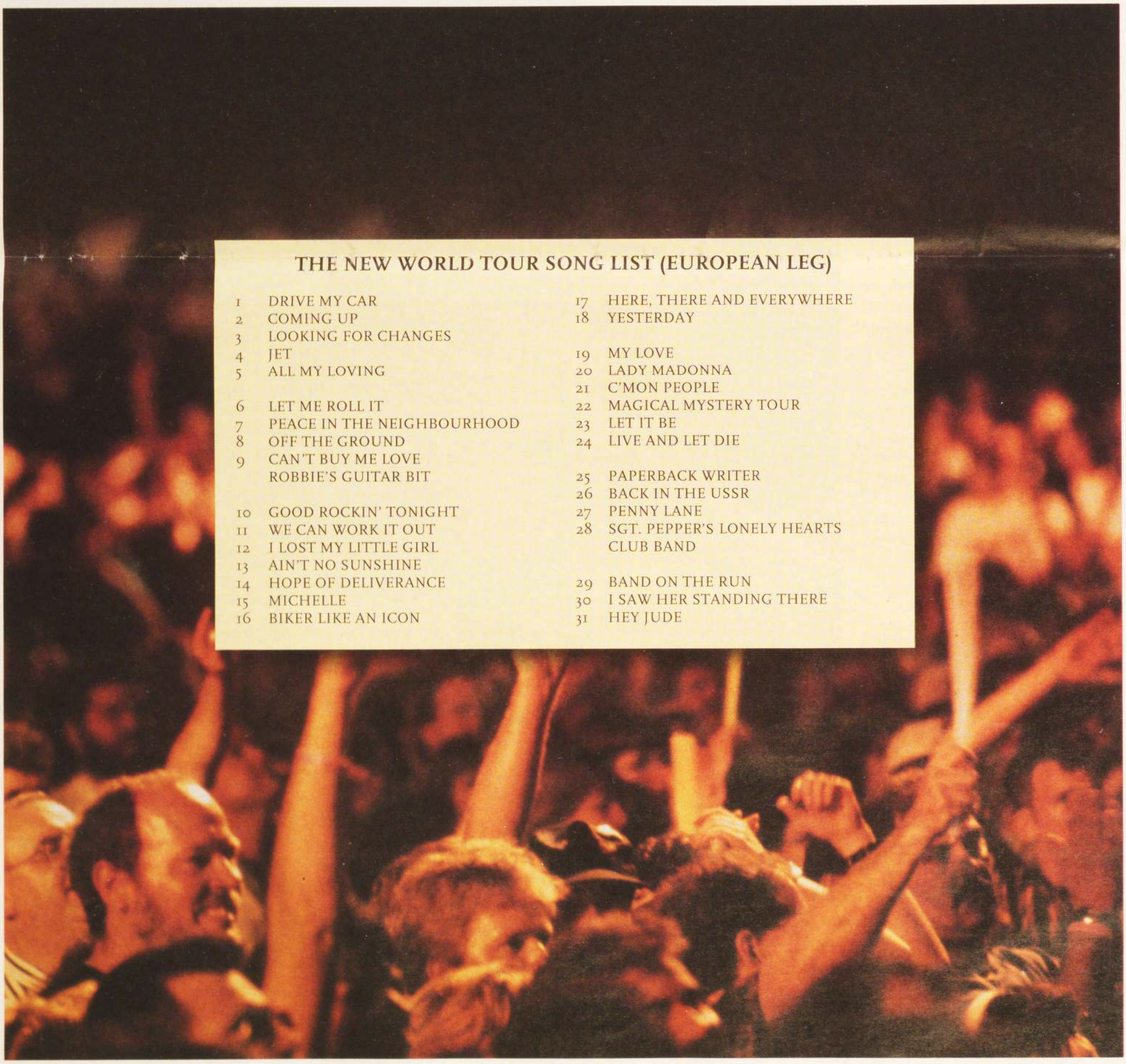
'Oh, it is a zeated concert'. I can bloody well see that. 'Ja, zur people are zeated and they cannot get up because it is zee rule. They never get up, not for no-one. It is zur rule in Austria. Ve are not allowed to get up. Ve hav zur rule. And zur stewards vill not let zem get up. It is zur rule.'

Right. Well Austria's rules just fell apart. A 2000-year-old discipline went straight out the window, luv. Because when Paul hit the opening keys to 'Lady Madonna', Vienna just had ENOUGH of their rules. It was STUFF THE RULES time all round because, as 'Lady Madonna' hit in, the crowd went WHAM. They forgot every rule they'd been taught at school, threw off their tradition and culture and stood on their seats and stamped on them.

The stewards are going mad. They are having multiple heart failures. Their jaws have dropped, and they're spinning, arms flailing helplessly as thousands of people get out of their seats and rush at the stage. It is chaos. The security are powerless to stop this flood of freedom for fun.

And this journalist who's been giving us the line about 'Rules Are Rules' has gone white. 'Zis is terrible', he says. No mate, zis is more like it. 'Nein, you don't understand, zis is a madhaus. I must tell my newspaper. Zis does not happen here. It is not vot I zaid vould happen. Zis is crazy.'

Yep. Got it in one. Zis is crazy. So here's £10.22, order me up a Scotch and Coke and damn the price because we're coming to break your rules. Every time.



THE NEW WORLD TOUR SONG LIST (EUROPEAN LEG)

1 DRIVE MY CAR
2 COMING UP
3 LOOKING FOR CHANGES
4 JET
5 ALL MY LOVING

6 LET ME ROLL IT
7 PEACE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD
8 OFF THE GROUND
9 CAN'T BUY ME LOVE
ROBBIE'S GUITAR BIT

10 GOOD ROCKIN' TONIGHT
11 WE CAN WORK IT OUT
12 I LOST MY LITTLE GIRL
13 AIN'T NO SUNSHINE
14 HOPE OF DELIVERANCE
15 MICHELLE
16 BIKER LIKE AN ICON
17 HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE
18 YESTERDAY

19 MY LOVE
20 LADY MADONNA
21 C'MON PEOPLE
22 MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR
23 LET IT BE
24 LIVE AND LET DIE

25 PAPERBACK WRITER
26 BACK IN THE USSR
27 PENNY LANE
28 SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND

29 BAND ON THE RUN
30 I SAW HER STANDING THERE
31 HEY JUDE

EAT YOUR HEARTS OUT!

They're the cooks of the house...any house, any arena, any stadium, anywhere. Name the place, name the dish, they'll prepare it before you can say "haute cuisine". They're Eat Your Hearts Out! - purveyors of stunningly impressive food to the touring McCartneys and their support services - and Mark Lewisohn went to meet them

Gone are the days when going on tour meant a roadie, a transit van and a roadside transport cafe. *Long* gone.

Big-name rock touring, 1990s style, demands a wealth of accoutrements, few - probably none - more important than the travelling catering corps, whose job it is to provide sustenance to musician and crew member alike. The McCartneys, as you might imagine, employ arguably the best in the business: a company named Eat Your Hearts Out! (Their exclamation-mark, not mine.) And, yes, they serve vegetarian food, *un*arguably the best around.

Whether or not vegetarians themselves, few people fortunate enough to have sampled EYHO's culinary delights are in any doubt about this, be the event a full-fledged McCartney concert, a rehearsal or a TV/video shoot. It's patently obvious - everyone lingers just that bit longer than usual around the beautifully arranged buffet tables, piling up just one more platter, plucking just one last grape, slicing just one last sliver of a rare cheese, or spooning just one last portion of a truly exquisite dessert.

Eat Your Hearts Out! was formed some 14 years ago by two school-leavers from Melbourne, Australia - Kim Davenport and Debbie Sharpe - who backpacked to England for three months, got work and stayed. Debbie has since moved on to Chicago, to open EYHO's first base in the USA, while Kim remains in London, running the UK/European end of the operation. Luciano Pavarotti, Eric Clapton, Rod Stewart and Michael Jackson number among their clients, but their most prestigious are Paul and Linda. And delighted by their services, the McCartneys have in turn opened a good many doors for EYHO, and given them a prominence in the vegetarian marketplace which they hadn't previously sought. (The company is not exclusively veggie.)

Like a light hors d'oeuvre before a feast, EYHO's initial appointment with the McCartneys gave no clue as to the enormity of what was to follow. As Kim Davenport recalls: "The original idea was that we'd just cook for the band itself - our first time was at the July 1989 showcases at the Playhouse Theatre in London - which meant feeding only eight people. But it quickly went from there to 500 because they brought us in on the World Tour and asked us to cater for everyone. So we went from eight people in London to 500 around the world! And Paul and Linda insisted that - since they refused to allow their money to spent on killing animals - we cook only vegetarian food.

"To be honest, we were fairly inexperienced at it to begin with, and it was pretty terrifying: to cook a selection of different vegetarian meals every day, for several hundred people, without resorting to pasta. We thought then that the solution would be to employ only vegetarian chefs and not consider at all the wishes of carnivores, but that raised a few eyebrows and so on the New World Tour we've also taken on a couple of meat chefs to provide vegetarian meals for the meat-eaters, because they're more sympathetic to the needs of the carnivores and it keeps the grizzlers and whingers at bay."

Kim remembers all too well from that first tour just what can transpire when a beefy beef-eater does "grizzle and whinge" upon being denied the staple food of a lifetime. "There was no problem at all with the main crew, the crew that travelled with us," she recounts. "They'd been told in advance that they'd have to eat vegetarian meals and accepted it very well. The trouble arose when we got to some places in America where the crew was being augmented for odd days by local stagehands. Then it got a bit rough - huge Texan guys would be making *very* sarcastic comments, and someone lobbed a huge bowl of chilli at me. The worst days were always the 'outs', when the show is over and everyone is packing up to move on: people are really tired by then and tempers fray. Also, people wrongly assumed that once Linda and Paul had left town we'd relax the rules and suddenly produce meat meals, which was ridiculous.

"Some people think that if they don't eat meat they're going to die. They have this silly notion that they must get their protein to give them strength. It's like a 'hit'. These people became so desperate that they formed a secret carnivores club, but Paul and Linda said they weren't going to pay for it - if people wanted to go off and eat meat then they had to pay for it themselves."

Rather like an army catering corps (except that there's a world of difference in the food quality), EYHO have to make the best of the most cramped and trying of situations and circumstances. Improvisation? The word might have been coined just for them. As Anna Sedgwick - one of the EYHO chefs on the Australasian and North American legs of the New World Tour - comments, the work is never less than interesting and unpredictable. "I had to learn to adapt pretty fast - sometimes I might be cooking in a marquee, other times I might be lucky enough to have access to a kitchen. The power system failed a few times, and we had problems with water. If the overhead lights went down we just had to carry on by candlelight until someone arrived to fix the problem. We just had to work on - people have to eat."

Traversing the world, cooking for famous people...it sounds very glamorous, and doubtless there'd be more than a few applicants if such a position were ever to be advertised. (They're not, by the way.) But, of course, the reality is different. "There's little or no hobnobbing with the stars," confirms Anna. "And I never even got to see a full concert all the time I was with the New World Tour! We were there to work, not to watch, and though I could always hear them, and did see little bits, I never saw any of the shows in full."

Since the perpetual moan about vegetarianism (from meat-eaters, at least) is that there is a limited number of tasty, attractive meals to make, one can't help but be impressed at how EYHO so successfully manage to create such a wide range of fabulous food day after day, without obvious repetition. The reason is that their chefs are always open to ideas: from books (including Linda's), from magazines, from other chefs, from eating in restaurants around the globe, from their own experimentation and, yes, from adversity. "We're often forced to invent recipes, some of which have proven really successful, just by the most trying of circumstances," admits Kim Davenport. "Like having inadequate facilities, or because someone returns from a shopping expedition without the things we've asked for. On the first day of this tour, in Perth, our pastry chef had to roll pastry inside the refrigerated van because it was melting in the tent, where it was 120 degrees."

"Our real speciality is desserts," Kim continues, "because we've realised that, with vegetarian cooking, it can be quite hard to give someone a real treat. A carnivore could be given lobster, say, or smoked salmon or caviar, but not so vegetarians. So we make a conscious attempt to make the desserts as special as we can. It's our way of giving luxury."

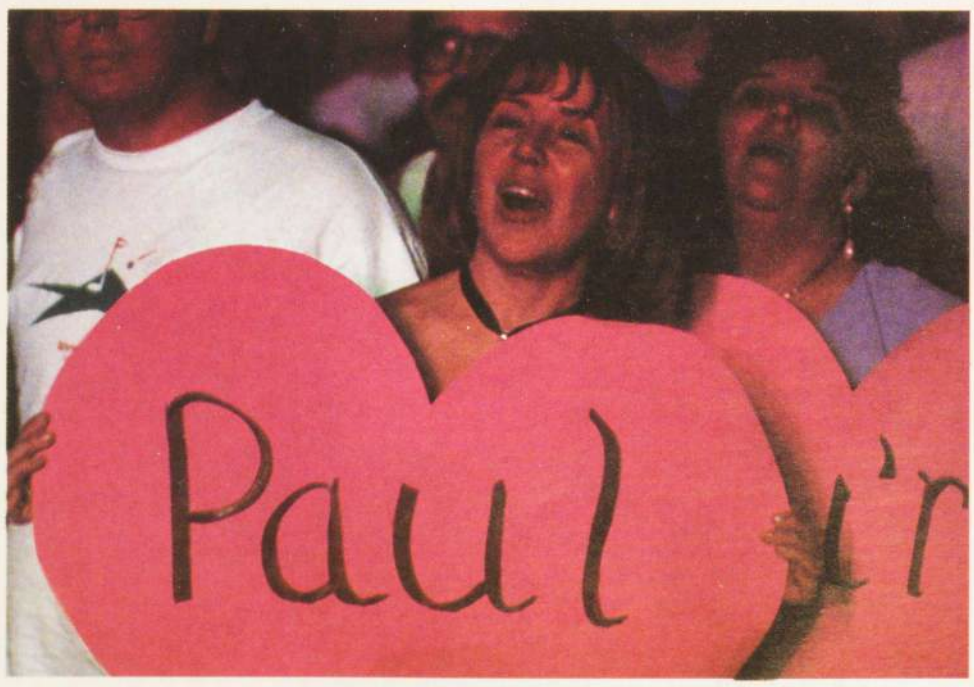
As one fortunate enough to have indulged in EYHO desserts I can certainly vouch for this; the only pity is that they and EYHO's other creations cannot be sampled by *everyone*. Conversion from carnivore to veggie would be swift and numerous if only more people could get to taste just how wonderfully good vegetarian cuisine can be. It's a point not lost on Kim Davenport, who remarks upon "The amount of people who come up to us at one of Paul's gigs and say 'My God, I never realised that vegetarian food could be like this!'. It pleases me, yes, but it also makes me sad - this type of cooking should be *much* more available.

"What *really* saddens me is that there is no vegetarian class offered in any of the cookery schools. Most of the chefs I interview - and I interview about 20 a month - think that vegetarian food means lasagne or cauliflower cheese, full stop! I mean, about six years ago I toured America with Simple Minds, and Jim Kerr was vegetarian. I couldn't believe the food he was being served: an omelette! Or just the vegetables from the main meal. In those days, to serve up a lasagne was showing 'serious care'. I do think a lot of the problem dates back to the cranky name vegetarianism got in the hippy days of the 1960s: there are still too many people who, as soon as they hear the word vegetarian, think 'rabbit-food'."

No one is more thrilled at the success of EYHO's vegetarian cuisine than Linda McCartney. What with this and the soaring sales of her own frozen foods she is witnessing a culinary revolution scarcely dreamed of just a few short years ago. "Yes, she's incredibly happy with it all," confirms Kim. "She visits the catering tent at least every other day, comes into the kitchens to talk to the chefs and find out how it's all going. And she sent me a telegram the other day, which wasn't expected, just to thank all the crew once again. She said she'd been thinking about all the food and how pleased everyone was, and that she couldn't thank everyone enough."

Actually, the appreciation is mutual, for EYHO has certainly benefited from being involved with the McCartneys. "We've learned so much from being with them," says Kim, "and now it seems that whenever an artist wants vegetarian food they approach us. Also - and not many people know this - before Paul did it with us in 1989/90 no one had ever taken caterers around the world with them, providing for the crew as well as the band. Especially not to America because it's all franchised out there, with unions in every place. Paul stopped that and opened up the market for everyone, so that now an English catering company like us can get work there. Once Paul had done it Morrissey did it, then U2, then Rod Stewart. I'm not even sure if he's aware of this, and I've often wanted to say thank you to him."

(He's aware of it now, Kim.)



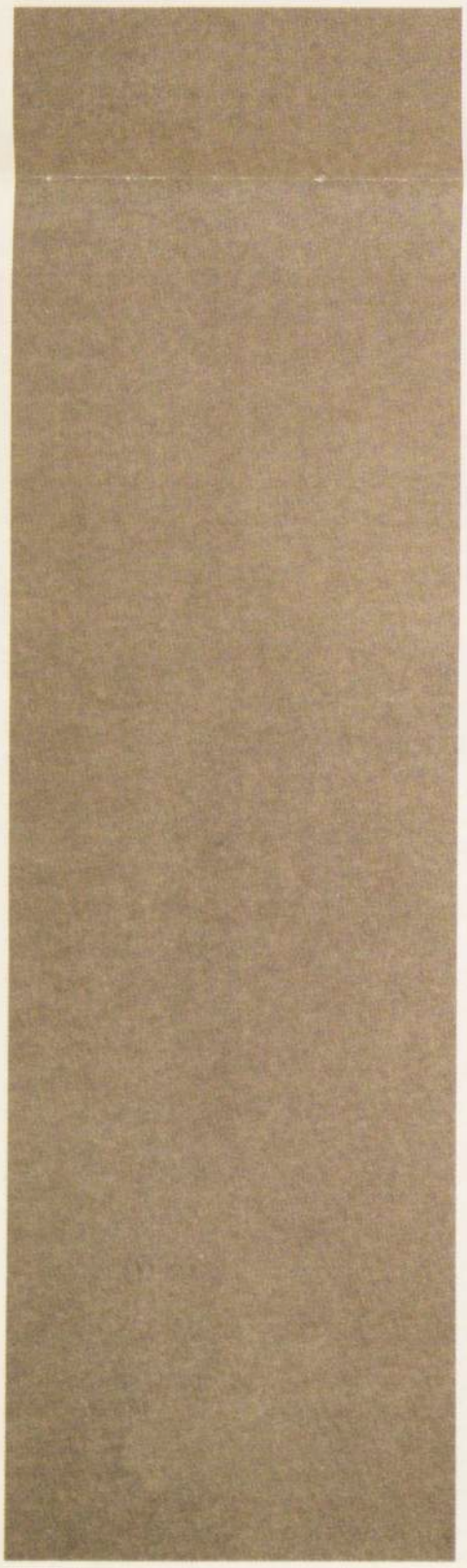
PHOTOGRAPH: JOE HUGHES

PHOTOGRAPH: BILL BERNSTEIN

MINING THE FILM AND VIDEO ARCHIVE

Time indeed for another amble through the archive

SILLY LOVE SONGS



We see Paul, we see Linda, out on tour, travelling in their jet, playing to packed auditoria and stadia in America, their devoted fans singing along with every word, we see the backstage handshakes, the police motor-cycle escorts on the road...

Truly, some things never change. Because this is not 1993 we're discussing here, it's 1976. And though that may seem like yesterday, it's actually seventeen years ago. [Oddly, in 1976, one thought that 17 years before then, 1959, was *aeons* back. That's what aging does for you.]

Watching again the video for 'Silly Love Songs', after all this time, one can't escape the sense that the McCartneys' goldfish-bowl existence has become as familiar to us bystanders as it must be to the McCartneys themselves. Oh sure, some things change - flared trousers, mercifully, are no longer *de rigeur*, nor are frizzed permed haircuts as frequently visible now in the Western world - but, otherwise, not a lot has altered.

So, in the 'Silly Love Songs' promo, which is essentially a compilation of film snippets from the 1976 Wings Over America tour, the viewer is given every reminder of a band on the run, Wings style. Paul alights his airplane in yet another US city and is instantly ambushed by an airport staffer wielding an autograph book; Paul and Linda make good their escape from an arena seconds after sounding the last note of the last encore (that then much-discussed track 'Soily', if one remembers right); Paul is subjected to a sea of distant flashbulbs from his adoring audience. Like them, you surely get the picture.

Although some on-stage footage is included here, the video soundtrack has been dubbed from disc; indeed the song's promo begins with some nicely blatant advertising for the album from whence it came: *Wings At The Speed Of Sound*, that most democratic of all Wings LPs when Paul stepped back to give Linda, Denny, Jimmy and Joe their opportunity to bask in the limelight.

There were few TV outlets in 1976 for the screening of promotional videos - MTV, VH1 and the like were perhaps not yet even a twinkling gleam in an executive's eye - but occasional broadcasts did nonetheless support the rise and rise of 'Silly Love Songs' as a single when it was issued around the world in the late spring of 1976.

In America, indeed, it rose and rose to number one, while in the UK it *almost* scaled the summit, stalling at number two and being held off the top spot by (for goodness sake) those country yokels the Wurzels and their 'Combine Harvester' threshing of Melanie's once delightful 'Brand New Key'. For neither the first time, nor the 100th, nor the last, the British record-buying public was showing its love of the ridiculous.

Now, what was that about some things never changing?

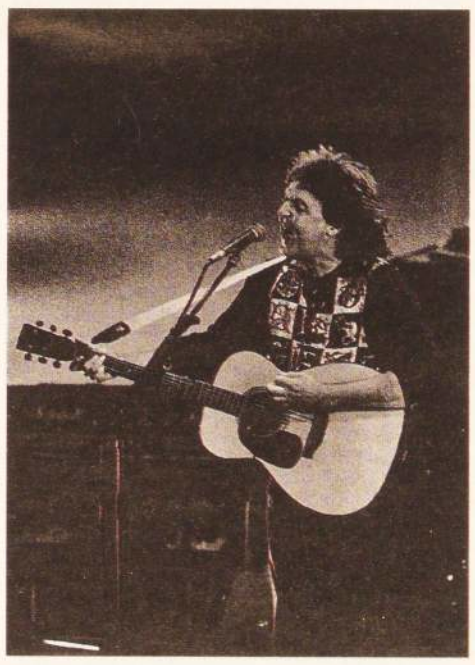
GET OUT OF MY WAY & BIKER LIKE AN ICON

A great deal was accomplished by Paul in the run up to the New World Tour, witness the TV specials *Up Close* and *Movin' On*, the private and public rehearsals, the press conferences, the video shoots for 'Hope Of Deliverance' and 'C'mon People', the photo sessions, the radio interviews, and much more besides.

So perhaps you won't be totally surprised to learn that two more lesser-spotted promo videos were also shot, and in a single day, during that time. The day was 12 January, when Paul And Band took to the soundstage at the edge-of-London Pinewood Studios - familiar to Paul through his filming there of 'Only Love Remains' and other promos over the years - and performed *Off The Ground* favourites 'Get Out Of My Way' and 'Biker Like An Icon' before the cameras.

They're straight-ahead rockers put across in a straight-ahead manner, without frills, without anything unnecessarily fancy, with only one aim in mind: to steam on ahead to the end of the song and impress the daylights out of every viewer. Emphasising their musical kinship, the band didn't mime but played live.

Both clips were directed for MPL by Aubrey Powell, already well ensconced in the making of *Movin' On*. Indeed, both could be seen in that programme, albeit in edited form. And with smiles in evidence all around, said excellent musicianship, the definite "live" feel and Brian Clarke's NWT backcloths backdropping the stage, these two promos more than served their purpose in readying an awaiting public for the splendour that has followed on stages in Australasia, North America and now Europe.



BIKER LIKE AN ICON ICON ICON

After Pinewood *three* more videos for 'Biker' were produced, making (now let's see, ah yes) a total of four promos altogether. And, alright, we hear you saying it: "But 'Biker Like An Icon' wasn't even issued as a single!"

So it wasn't. But (contrary to the theme of the 'Silly Love Songs' sermon opposite) the singles market has altered beyond recognition in recent years and, now, videos are equally effective as a tool for promoting albums.

All three additional videos were directed by Richard Heslop, the man behind the 'Deliverance' promo discussed here in our Summer issue. And they're different - radically different - from the straight-ahead approach of Aubrey Powell's Pinewood promo. These are storyboard films, in which the lyric of the song, about the girl who loves her biker, is brought to the screen. "Paul just said 'Here's some money, go away and make a road movie,'" Richard comments. "And as the song contains that one line about Hollywood I promptly flew off to LA, spent two days trying to hire the right Harley and the right Thunderbird, headed for Las Vegas and had a good time, filming on the way. Paul didn't want it to be like *Girl On A Motorcycle* but I had something in mind and set off. I wanted to make it half-holiday and half-work, managed to do both *and* come in on budget."

Maintaining the keep-it-in-the-family approach which marked out his 'Deliverance' video, Richard employed some familiar (familiar to him, that is) faces in his 'Biker' video, principally casting his girlfriend as the unnamed girl dedicated to pursuing her Harley-riding hero across America. Some shots of the biker - whose face one does not see - feature Richard himself, others his art director Mike. "He's a biker anyway and was useful for sorting out the machines when they broke down," Richard says, practically.

After a five-day shoot Richard returned to England and began to cut the film into a finished production. In the end, three films evolved from his footage: one with the American film occupying the whole screen; one with the American film occupying three-quarters of the screen, the other quarter showing Paul and Linda in action at Pinewood; the third being a three-screen triptych edit by Robin Parsons showing the American film in the middle screen, flanked by Pinewood footage on either side.

And very impressive they are too, all of them. Produced in sepia they really do bring a dramatic, cinematic dimension to the song, which surely can be no bad thing in this age of multi-media.

PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID HISCOCK

BUDDY'S BIRTHDAY BASH

What have Emile Ford, Bruce Welch, Chris Dreja, Arthur Brown and Bobby Vee got in common? The answer: they could all be found in the bar of London's Victoria Palace Theatre on 8 September. The occasion was the final of the Rock 'n' Roll Brain Of Britain competition, and the man behind it all was MPL's publishing mainman Alan Crowder, who says...

"Every year, we organise an event to mark Buddy Holly Week; every year, I have to think of something different. This year, I thought of a rock 'n' roll quiz."

And so local radio stations were contacted, and the search for Britain's most tutored Teddy boy (or girl) began.

The eight finalists who took to the stage at the Victoria Palace had each won a regional heat organised by a radio station. That got them a trip to London, with tickets to the hit musical *Buddy*, a night in a hotel and the chance to win the first prize of £1000 and become the very first Rock 'n' Roll Brain Of Britain.

Of course, Alan's job didn't stop there: to make the event more than just a competition, he scoured his music business contacts for stars of the '50s and '60s; not to perform or give prizes, just to meet each other and the contestants, hang out and mingle. This involved a certain amount of detective work: Chris Dreja (the former Yardbirds bassist) is now a photographer, Arthur Brown has only just returned to touring after years in the wilderness (that's what comes of setting your head on fire for a living), and Emile Ford - well, no one had any idea where to find him.

In the bar beforehand, you could spot the contestants easily: they were the ones with glasses of mineral water, Coke or juice, gripped firmly in white-knuckled hands. Not that they were *all* nervous: Dave Bumett from Dundee was looking suave in a white tuxedo and jeans, and having the time of his life. "We just had a run-through, and I'm not expecting to win," he chuckled, "there are a couple of *serious* guys here. I don't mind: we've had a great time, the show last night was terrific. And checking into the hotel to be greeted as 'Mr. McCartney's party' - magic". Dave admitted being old enough to have got into rock 'n' roll when it first started; and still plays guitar in a Blues Brothers-type band. Others' tastes were less broad: Mick Hamilton from London was wearing the same checked shirt, drainpipes, fluorescent socks and black suede creepers he got married in, topped off with a carefully tended, Brylcreem-laden DA. Leeds' Paul Robertson sported a black and leopardskin bomber, and a fine grey pomp and sideburns: "Rock 'n' roll's just the best music - the only music - for me. Always has been." Motor engineer Richard Scott, from Cornwall, and the only lady finalist, Lyn Jeffs, were more conservatively dressed: Richard in particular would've passed for a bank manager. But they all know their rock 'n' roll backwards.

The final showdown was held on the stage, still decorated with huge '50's advertising hoardings for that night's *Buddy* performance. Paul arrived a few minutes before, and chatted with everyone as they made their way through to the auditorium. He's never missed one of these events, making sure each year that he's there to honour Buddy Holly's birthday. This year he sandwiched it in before an afternoon of business meetings in London: a measure of his genuine love and respect for Buddy's unique talent. DJ Tony Prince introduced the contestants one by one and the quizmaster (and deviser of all the questions for the heats and the final) Mike Read. The first round comprised twelve questions to each contestant in turn: the three highest scorers would go forward to the second round. Mick Hamilton had the unenviable task of going first, and responded with a very creditable ten out of twelve. I say very creditable because I scored less than half that: you could hear the audience gasping at some of the questions - and these were the people who were actually making the music! By the end of the first round two clear front-runners had emerged in Mick and Birmingham's Ray Mills, who had the square jaw and quiet determination of a man with a lot of revision behind him. The third spot had to be decided in a sudden-death tie-break between Nick O'Toole from Merseyside and John Taylor from Peterborough; bad luck for Nick, who was just edged out.

The second round involved identifying ten Buddy Holly songs from short clips. I was patting myself on the back for getting four, but all three of the contestants beat that easily. Going into the final, quick-fire round ("fingers on the buzzers, ready...") Ray was leading, but the gap was narrowing, with Mick and John no more than three points behind. In the last round, though, it was Ray all the way: this man was undoubtedly the fastest gun in some Western town in a former life, and he romped home with a handsome lead to become the first winner of Rock 'n' Roll Brain Of Britain, and recipient of a plaque and the cheque for £1000. Mick, in second place, got £500, and John, third, netted £250. But the abiding impression, as Ray choked back the tears on accepting the first prize from Bobby Vee, was that everybody had had such a good time taking part, it almost didn't matter who ended up with the most points. Paul nipped up on stage to congratulate all the contestants, sign autographs and pose for the inevitable pictures, and then it was back to the bar for the post-mortem; washed down with a liberal application of cold beer and Tex-Mex food. Zoot Money was talking animatedly with Henry Spinetti, drummer Blair was celebrating the birth of his second child that morning, and the contestants were winding down like good 'uns. It was only the need to clear the theatre for the evening performance of *Buddy* that brought proceedings to a close. Alan Crowder was last seen arm in arm with Arthur Brown, trying to hail a taxi. He's got all year to think about the 1994 event: suggestions on a postcard please. . .

MARTIN SCOTT

Here are a few questions from the Rock 'n' Roll Brain Of Britain heats. A mystery prize to the first correct entry pulled out of a hat on 1 December. Simply send a postcard (or sealed-down envelope) bearing your name, address and club membership number to: **Rock 'n' Roll Quiz, The Paul McCartney Fun Club, PO Box 110, Westcliff, Essex, SS0 8NW.** Please do not use an entry to convey any other Club request or correspondence.

1. What is Bobby Rydell's real name?
2. Who had a US top 10 hit in 1957 with 'Mr. Lee'?
3. Harold Robbins' book *A Stone For Danny Fisher* became which Elvis movie?
4. Which US rock 'n' roller recorded 'Lights Out'?
5. Complete the group name: Otis Williams & the ...
6. From which song do these lyrics come? "Got me a date and I won't be late, picked her up in my eighty-eight."
7. What was Little Richard's first UK hit?
8. What was Neil Sedaka's first UK hit?
9. From which song do these lyrics come? "The cats are stompin' on their heels and toes, I grab my baby try to give her a squeeze."
10. Who had a US hit with '16 Candles'?

PHOTOGRAPH: ROBIN KENNEDY

PHOTOGRAPH: KEVIN MAZUR

AND IN THE GREEN CORNER

The Who famously sang "we won't get fooled again" but we are still being fooled, and most of the time. Ever a contentious issue (just how much do you think manufacturers want you to know?) the dodgy problem of food labelling once more raises its ugly head, prompting Mark Lewisohn to ask a few pertinent questions

Are you a vegetarian? Yes? Good. *Great,* in fact.

But do you eat ice cream or use low-fat spreads or low-fat mayonnaise or suck mints or chew gum or take vitamin capsules? You do? Then, sorry, but you're probably not a vegetarian after all.

These products, and a good many others, contain gelatin (or gelatine). It's a harmless enough name all right, and it's been around for so long that very few among us question what exactly it is. Well here's a dictionary definition for you: "a colourless, odourless, tasteless glue prepared from albuminous substances, eg bones and hides".

Bones and hides. Bones and hides...*of animals*. In other words, all the bits and pieces and entrails left behind after flesh has been scraped and steamed away, processed into a yellowish jelly. It's a vile, slaughterhouse bi-product, and usage of it is rampant in the food industry. (And others industries besides.)

Now, I don't think that I've been particularly dense about this (although it's certainly a possibility) but *I just didn't know*. There I've been all these years, considering myself a vegetarian, and proud of it, when actually - courtesy of low-fat yoghurts - I've been intaking animal derivatives on a daily basis, and also feeding them to my children. While blissfully believing that I've been carefully cutting down on their fat intake I've been blithely feeding them crushed animal hooves and boiled-up bones.

The fact is, many vegetarians believe that the products they eat are animal-free when they are nothing of the kind. Carnivores may smile at the news - "at last they've got their come-uppance for all that preaching" one can almost hear them baying - but doubtless they too are being affected by food manufacturers' deceptions somewhere along the line.

Staff at The Vegetarian Society have long been aware of the gelatin problem. Sue Stobart, whose job it is to licence the Society's distinctive "V" symbol for labelling on pure vegetarian products, is appalled by the widespread use of gelatin. "Who would ever think, when choosing and eating a yoghurt, that it's got the remains of a dead animal in it," she questions. "And it's also in lots of ready-made desserts and puddings, an awful lot of sweets, even things like Polo mints, and it's a fairly safe bet that pastilles and jelly babies are full of gelatin too."

Worse still is the fact that although gelatin may have been used in the processing of a product it may not be declared in the stated ingredients because, by the time the product is sold, it is no longer present. For example, its molecular structure is such that gelatin is used by some manufacturers of apple juice as a fining agent - that is, to make the naturally cloudy liquid into the clear liquid that consumers seem to want. But because there's no trace of the gelatin by the time the juice is put on sale the carton will list "apple juice" as the only ingredient. It's also used in some wines for the same reason and, again, you'd never know it from looking at a label.

And to continue the theme, soft drinks which include beta-carotene, an orange colouring, may also contain gelatin, in that it can be used to encapsulate the substance or help to make it soluble. But although you'll see beta-carotene listed among the ingredients you have no way of knowing whether or not gelatin was once knocking about in there too.

Despite the subterfuge, however, close scrutiny of food labelling should certainly still be practised. Kim Davenport of Eat Your Hearts Out! - caterers on the McCartneys' World and New World Tours - was recently given a vivid reminder of this. "I bought some vegetable oil in Australia," she says, "didn't read the label because I assumed it was simply that, vegetable oil, and only found out later that it was cut with animal fat. Also in Australia, all the cream is thickened with gelatin. Linda once told me never to go to the supermarket without a magnifying glass, and she's absolutely right. Whoever would have thought that vegetable oil would be cut with animal fat, and cream with gelatin? And I know that animal products are in most sweets and biscuits too."

So just why is the use of gelatin still so widespread in these supposedly enlightened times, these days of supposedly greater consumer awareness and increasing vegetarianism? Sue Stobart of The Vegetarian Society believes it's because pressure has never really been put on companies to seek an alternative. "They could use guar gum, pectin or agar-agar (so good they named it twice!) but rarely bother because they're not as stable or reliable in mass production. Then again," she adds, "they've not really sought ways to improve them either."

A spokesperson for a leading sweet-making company told me, "They [the alternative substances to gelatin] just don't have the right texture and consistency to go through the machines used to make our confectionery. And besides, they don't give the same chewy texture that the public expects from our product."

Pardon me for being cynical, but haven't we heard this argument before? "The public won't want it so we won't give it to them"? Sorry, but it just doesn't wash. The consumer - once things are explained properly - really doesn't want his haddock artificially yellowed, his apricots artificially oranged, his bread artificially whitened, or darkened, his fruit waxed to look shiny...or his yoghurt to contain crushed and boiled animal remains.

I thought we'd been through all this for the last time, but obviously not. So ought we not to use our voices once again to tell manufacturers just what we *do* want. And not stop telling them until they listen?

GELATIN MAY BE FOUND IN...

Low-fat spread
Yoghurt
(especially low-fat, long-life or whipped)
Mousse and other dairy desserts
Jelly
Mints
Vitamin capsules
Low-fat mayonnaise
Marshmallows
Jelly babies
Wine gums
Sugar-coated sweets
Chewing gum
Ice cream and sorbet
"Fitness" drinks

AND MAY HAVE BEEN USED IN THE PROCESSING OF...

Wine
Port
Apple juice

WRITE AWAY

Your chance to get questions answered

Q

Paul's concert in Boulder was the best I've ever heard and seen. (Okay, he could have played 'No More Lonely Nights', 'My Brave Face' and 100 or so other songs that come to mind, but we're ready to forgive him.) My question is: What exactly is on that pre-concert tape?
Tom L Jones, Louisville, Colorado, USA

We just knew someone would ask. Ever since we revealed the content of the 1989/90 World Tour pre-show tape (CS60) we've been expecting a follow-up question about the New World Tour. And here's the answer, guaranteed to tantalise as much as inform:

Let 'Em In - Shinehead
Wolf Is Dead - Daniel Lentz
Strawberries, Oceans, Ships, Forest - The Fireman
Vespers Of The Blessed Virgin - Monteverdi
A Quiet Moment - Paul McCartney
Sexual Ealing - Paul McCartney
Liverpool Suite 2 - Orchestral
Jam 22 - Paul McCartney and Band
Cosmically Conscious - Paul McCartney
Righteous - Paul McCartney
Jam 18 - Paul McCartney and Band
Liverpool Suite 5 - Orchestral
Monkberry Moon Delight - Screaming Jay Hawkins
My Love - Junior Walker
I Got A Feeling - Liebach
Live And Let Die - Guns N' Roses
Deliverance - Paul McCartney (remix by Steve Anderson)
Luck Be A Lady Tonight - Marlon Brando

Q

A couple of curiosities I wonder if you could enlighten me on. First, please name the "folkish" instrument, and the musician, playing on 'Rainclouds', the B-side of 'Ebony And Ivory'. Second, did Paul musically assist John Williams in the performance of his theme for *The Honorary Consul?*
Calum McGilp, Shrewsbury, New Zealand

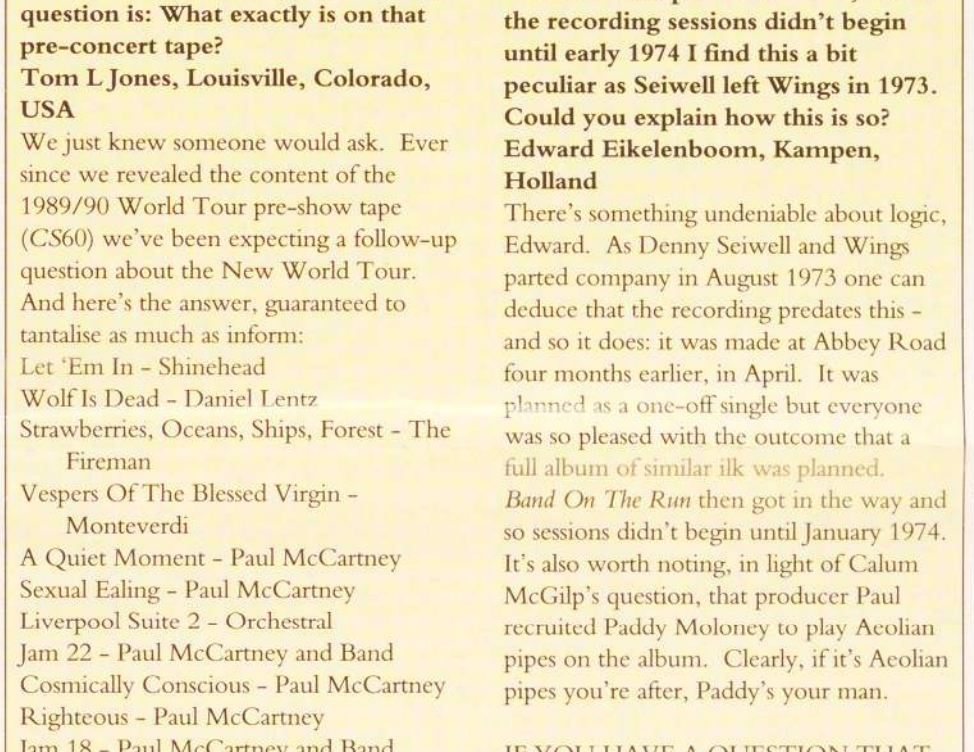
Said Gaelic sounding "folkish" instrument was Aeolian pipes, played by the great Paddy Moloney, of Chieftains fame. As for 'The Honorary Consul', Paul wrote the tune and produced it.

Q

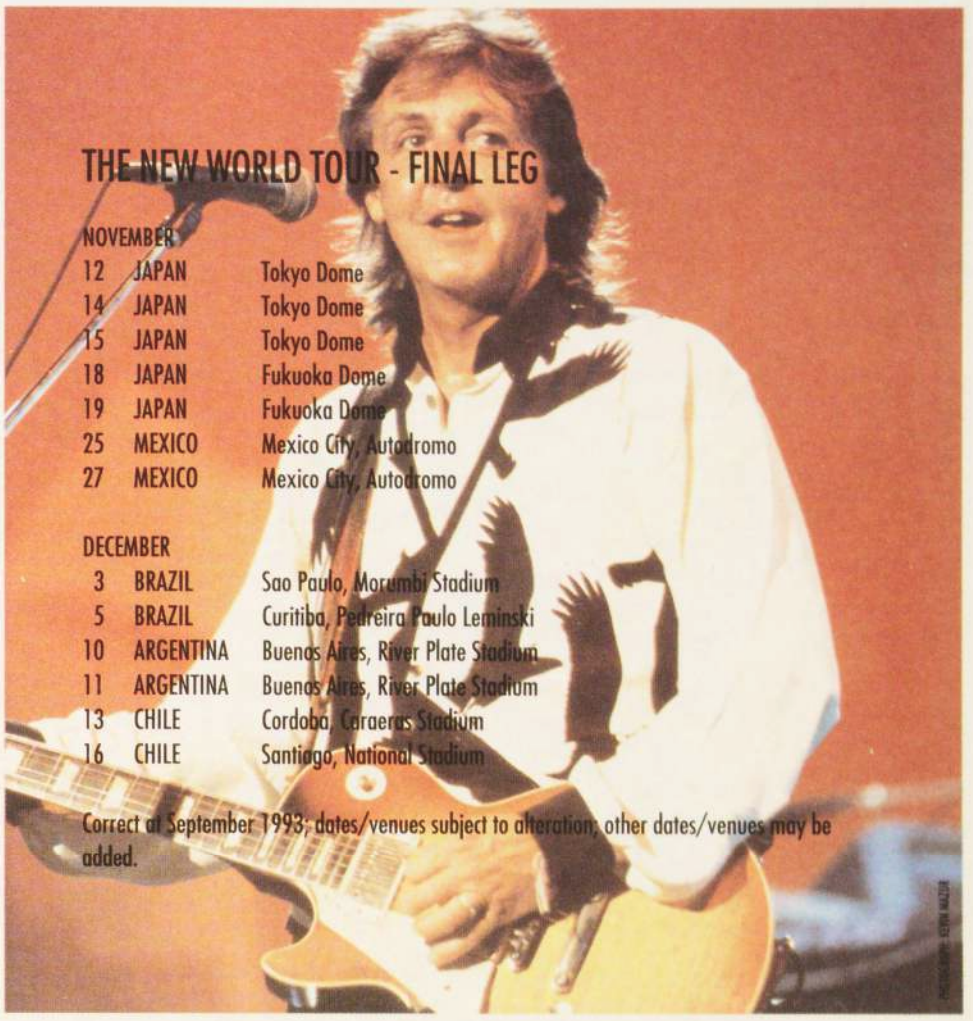
On Mike McGear's 1974 album **McGear* there is a Paul McCartney song called 'Leave It'. According to the sleeve, Denny Seiwell played drums on this particular track, but as the recording sessions didn't begin until early 1974 I find this a bit peculiar as Seiwell left Wings in 1973. Could you explain how this is so?
Edward Eikelenboom, Kampen, Holland

There's something undeniable about logic, Edward. As Denny Seiwell and Wings parted company in August 1973 one can deduce that the recording predates this - and so it does: it was made at Abbey Road four months earlier, in April. It was planned as a one-off single but everyone was so pleased with the outcome that a full album of similar ilk was planned. *Band On The Run* then got in the way and so sessions didn't begin until January 1974. It's also worth noting, in light of Calum McGilp's question, that producer Paul recruited Paddy Moloney to play Aeolian pipes on the album. Clearly, if it's Aeolian pipes you're after, Paddy's your man.

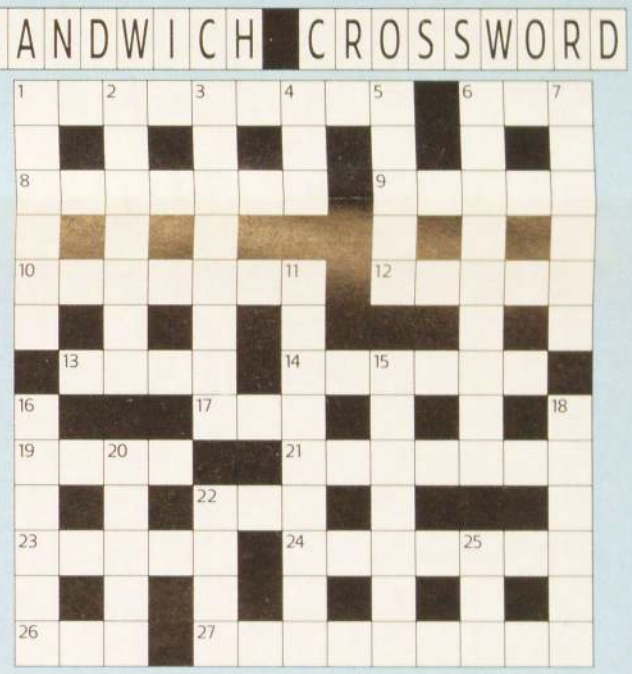
IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION THAT YOU'D LIKE ANSWERED SEND IT ALONG TO CLUB SANDWICH, PO BOX 110, WESTCLIFF, ESSEX, SS0 8NW, ENGLAND, MARKING YOUR POSTCARD OR ENVELOPE 'WRITE AWAY' IN THE TOP-LEFT CORNER. WE CANNOT RESPOND OUTSIDE OF THIS COLUMN.



PHOTOGRAPH: KEVIN MAZUR


THE NEW WORLD TOUR - FINAL LEG
NOVEMBER
12 JAPAN Tokyo Dome
14 JAPAN Tokyo Dome
15 JAPAN Tokyo Dome
18 JAPAN Fukuoka Dome
19 JAPAN Fukuoka Dome
25 MEXICO Mexico City, Autodromo
27 MEXICO Mexico City, Autodromo
DECEMBER
3 BRAZIL Sao Paulo, Morumbi Stadium
5 BRAZIL Curitiba, Pedreira Paulo Leminski
10 ARGENTINA Buenos Aires, River Plate Stadium
11 ARGENTINA Buenos Aires, River Plate Stadium
13 CHILE Cordoba, Caraeras Stadium
16 CHILE Santiago, National Stadium
Correct at September 1993; dates/venues subject to alteration; other dates/venues may be added.

SANDWICH CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1 Home of the Blockbuster Pavilion, North Carolina (9)
6 Reissued album which includes 'Another Day' (3)
8 The Arrowhead, Kansas City, is such a building (7)
9 A film recorded on a cassette (5)
10 Styluses (7)
12 Songs, music etc, for a film or play (5)
13 Premonition (4)
14 Alternative (6)
17 European Economic Community (abb) (3)
19 Letter of the Greek alphabet (4)
21 Scottish Mull immortalised by Wings (7)
22 First note of a tonic-solfa scale (3)
23 Excuse (5)
24 Lord _____ of Brighton, late great British actor(7)
26 *Back To The* ___ (3)
27 Unwilling to be shot (6,3)

DOWN

1 _____ *Royale*, Ian Fleming's first James Bond novel (6)
2 _____ Stadium, Los Angeles venue for Paul and the band (7)
3 Superman's girl-friend (4,4)
4 Man who doubles on drums? (3)
5 Forename of US rock and roll star (5)
6 Treatment by X-rays (9)
7 Secured by anchor, ropes, cables and the like (6)
11 Swedish city (9)
15 Port in North Morocco on the Strait of Gibraltar (7)
16 One who reproduces works, ideas etc, illicitly (6)
18 Close at hand (6)
20 'Loveliest ____' (new *Flowers In The Dirt* reissue) (5)
22 Gramophone record (4)
25 _____ Over' (Roy Orbison) (3)

ANSWERS TO THE SUMMER CROSSWORD IN CS66

PHOTOGRAPH: KEVIN WINTER

Hollywood, April 1993

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